Falſ. Do ſo, for it is worth the liſtening to, theſe nine in Buckrom, that I told thee of.

Prin. So, two more already.

Falſ. Their poynts being broken.

Poy. Downe fell his hoſe.

Fal. Began to give me ground, but I followed me cloſe, came in foot & hand, and with a thought, ſeven of the eleven I paid.

Pr O monſtrous leleven buckrom-men growne out of two?

Fa. But as the divel would have it, three miſ-begotten knaves, in *Kendall* greene, came at my backe, and let driveat me, for it was ſo darke, *Hall*, that thou couldſt not ſee thy hand.

Prin. Theſe lyes are like the father that begets them, groſſe as a mountaine, opē, palpable. Why, thou clay-braind guts, thou knotty-pated foole, thou horſon obſcene greaſie tallow catch.

Falſ. What? art thou mad? art thou mad? is not the truth the truth?

Prin. Why, how couldſt thou know theſe men in *Kendall*-greene, when it was ſo darke thou couldſt not ſee thy hand? come tell us your reaſon What ſayſt thou to this?

Poy. Come, your reaſon, *Iacke*, your reaſon.

Falſ. What, upon compulſion? Zounds, and I were at the ſtrappado, or all the racks in the world, I would not tell you on compulſion. Give you a reaſon on compulſion? if reaſons were as plenty as black-berries, I would give no man a reaſon upon compulſion, I.

Prin I'le be no longer guilty of this ſinne. This ſanguine coward, this bed-preſſer, this horſe-back-breaker, this huge hill of fleſh.

Falſ. Zblood you ſtarueling, you elfskinne, you dried neats-tongue, buls pizzle, you ſtock-fiſh: O for breath to utter what is like thee? you taylors-yard, you ſheath, you bow-caſe, you vile ſtanding tucke.

Pr Well, breathe a while, and then to it againe, & when thou haſt tired thy ſelfe in baſe cōpariſons, heare me ſpeake but thus

Poy. Marke, *Iacke*.

Pri. We two ſaw you foure ſet on foure and bound them & were maſters of their wealth: mark now how a plain tale ſhal put you downe: then did we two ſet on you foure, and with a word

word, outfac'd you from prize, and have it, yea, it you here in the houſe: and *Falſtaffe*, you carri way as nimbly, with as quick dexterity, & roare ſtill run & roare, as ever I heard Bul-calfe. What to hacke thy ſword as thou haſt done, and th fight? what tricke? what device? what ſtarting now finde out, to hide thee from this open & ap

Poy. Come lets heare, *Iacke*, what tricke haſt

Falſ. By the Lord, I knew yee as well as he Why heare you maſters, was it for me, to kil parant? ſhould I turne upon the true Prince? Wh eſt I am as valiant as *Hercules*: but beware inſti will not touch the true Prince, inſtinct is a great coward on inſtinct, I ſhall thinke the better of thee, during my life; I, for a valiant Lion, and Prince: but by the Lord, Lads, I am glad you h Hoſteſſe clap to the doores, watch to night, pra Gallants, Lads, Boyes, Hearts of gold, all the tit lowſhip come to you. What, ſhall we be merry a Play extempore?

Prin. Content, and the argument ſhall be, thy

Falſ. A, no more of that *Hal*, & thou loueſt me

Hoſ. O Jeſu, my Lord the *Prince*!

Prin. How now my Lady the Hoſteſſe, what ſa

Hoſ. Marry, my L. there is a noble man of the c would ſpeake with you: he ſayes he comes from

Prin. Give him as much as will make him a R ſend him backe againe to my mother.

Falſ. What manner of man is he?

Hoſ. An old man.

Fal. What doth gravity out of his Bed at mid I give him his anſwer?

Prin. Prethee doe, *Iacke*.

Fal. Fayth, and i'le ſend him packing.

Prin. Now ſirs: birlady you fought faire, ſo di did you *Bardol*; you are Lyons too, you ran away you will not touch the true Prince, no, fie.

Bar. Faith, I ran when I ſaw others runne.